

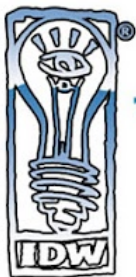


\$3.99

THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT

A detailed illustration of the Transformer Grimlock. He is shown from the chest up, wearing his signature silver and red armor. His right arm is raised, holding a large, jagged, metallic blade. His left hand is clenched into a fist, showing red mechanical details. He has a determined, almost menacing expression with glowing red eyes. The background is a dark, industrial setting with large, rectangular panels, some of which are cracked or broken. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the metallic textures of his armor and the sharp edges of the blade.

GRIMLOCK

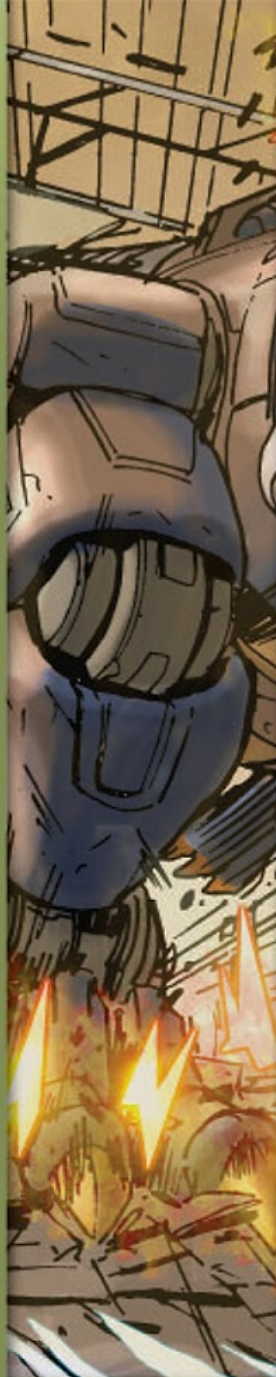


THE TRANSFORMERS™

SPOTLIGHT



GRIMLOCK



Once set on a course of action, Grimlock always sees it to the bitter end. But has he now gone too far? Branded a renegade and responsible for condemning his fellow Dynobots to a living death, there may be no way back for him—or is there? The Machination may hold the key...



COVER CHECKLIST:



REGULAR COVER



RI SKETCH COVER

THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT: GRIMLOCK

WRITTEN BY: SIMON FURMAN

ART BY: MARCELO MATERE

COLORS BY: ZAC ATKINSON, LIAM
SHALLOO AND ANDREW ELDER

LETTERS BY: AMAURI OSORIO

EDITS BY: ANDREW STEVEN HARRIS



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The Transformers Universe is vast, and populated by many characters. Their universe is a large tapestry, made up of the countless stories and experiences that serve the larger whole. These are some of those stories. This is:

TRANSFORMERS: MOSAIC

RANK

Written by
Josh Van Reyk
Edits by
Mary Canada

Art by
Matt C. Adams
Colors & Letters by
Kris Carter

DON'T THINK
OF THIS AS A
DEMOTION, PROWL...

BUT I NEED YOU TO
STEP DOWN FROM
HIGH COMMAND.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND,
PRIME. HAVEN'T I
PROVEN MYSELF?

PROWL, YOUR MERIT IS NOT
IN QUESTION. THE DISCOVERY
OF ORE-13, COMBINED WITH
MEGATRON'S PRESENCE ON EARTH,
MEANS THAT YOUR ATTENTION NEEDS
TO BE SOLELY WITH YOUR TEAM.

ADMITTEDLY THINGS HAVE
GOTTEN SOMEWHAT OUT
OF HAND ON EARTH, BUT I
STILL BELIEVE I CAN DO
MORE WITH HIGH COMMAND,
PROVIDING SUPPORT TO
ALL OUR UNITS.

PROWL, THIS IS ONLY A
REQUEST, BUT IF I NEED
TO MAKE IT AN ORDER,
I WILL.

I UNDERSTAND.

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CARSON CITY, NEVADA

WELL, WE'RE AS
READY AS WE'LL
EVER BE, BUT ONCE
AGAIN I FEEL
CONSTRAINED TO
WARN YOU...

...YOU'RE
PLAYING WITH
FIRE.

PROCEDURES THAT
TOOK SKYWATCH OVER
20 YEARS TO PERFECT, AND
WERE TAILORED SPECIFICALLY
TO THE TWO INITIAL
ACQUISITIONS, HAVE HAD TO BE
OVERHAULED AND REAPPLIED
IN DAYS. ONE FALSE MOVE
NOW, AGENT RED, AND...

...DISASTER.





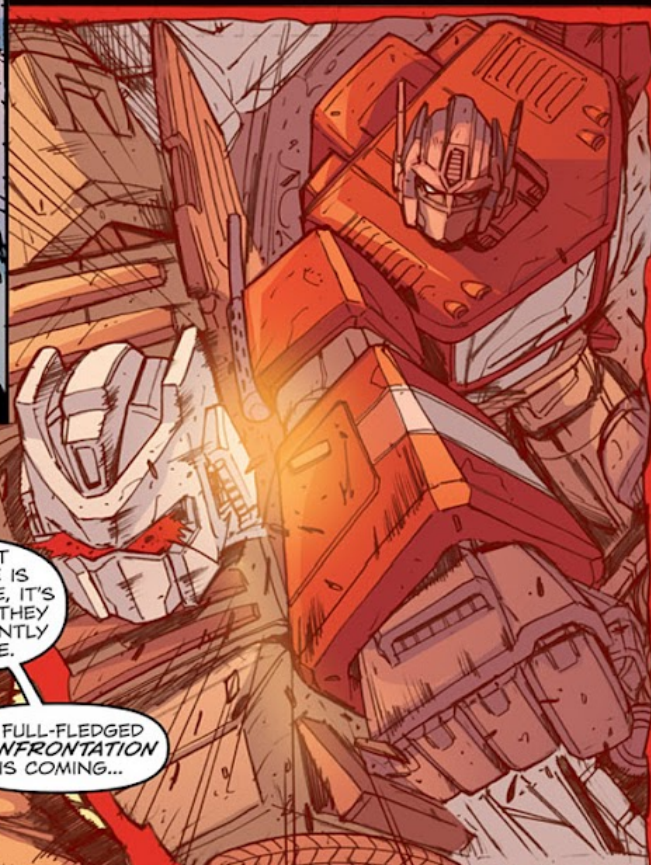
WE NEED MORE TIME! MY TECHS ARE RUNNING ON ADRENALINE AND BAD COFFEE AND—

WE DON'T HAVE MORE TIME.

YOU'VE SEEN WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE, WESTON. EARTH'S BECOME A BATTLEGROUND FOR ROBOTIC EXTRATERRESTRIALS.*

AND NOW THAT THEIR PRESENCE IS PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE, IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THEY WON'T JUST PATIENTLY BIDE THEIR TIME.

A FULL-FLEDGED CONFRONTATION IS COMING...



*IN TRANSFORMERS: DEVASTATION



...AND WE HAVE TO ARM OURSELVES.

I APPRECIATE ALL YOUR CONCERNS. I SHARE YOUR MISGIVINGS, BUT THIS COMES RIGHT FROM THE TOP. WE NEED A BIG, BLUNT INSTRUMENT...



...AND THIS IS IT!



FINE. OKAY. BUT WE'VE
ALREADY GOT TWO ROGUES OUT
THERE—*SOMEWHERE*—AND I'M
SURE NEITHER OF US
WANTS A THIRD.

THUNDER-LIZARD 1
HAS A HIGHER GRADE OF
NEURAL NET, SO WE'VE HAD
TO INTRODUCE A FAR MORE
COMPLEX INHIBITOR WEB. IT
SHOULD HOLD. BUT, IN TERMS
OF OUR AVAILABLE
TECHNOLOGY, WE'RE STILL AKIN
TO CAVEMEN HANDLING
FISSION RODS.



HOW
SOON?

LIKE I SAID, WE'RE
AS READY AS WE
CAN HOPE TO BE
RIGHT NOW. BUT,
AGENT RED...



"...I'D HAVE
YOUR TAG-TEAMS
STANDING BY."



STATUS?

WE ARE
SHOWING A
COMPLETE NEURAL
OVERPRINT. SYNAPSE
BLOCKERS ARE ALL
PRESENT AND
CORRECT.

INTERNAL READINGS
ARE STABILIZING. T.L.-1'S
SYSTEMS ARE STARTING
TO METABOLIZE THE
PLUTONIUM STIMULANT.

WE ARE **GO** TO
JUMP-START
COGNITIVE
FUNCTIONS.



AGENT RED?

DO IT.



ZZAA

AAAP

I'M WARNING
YOU, GRIMLOCK!

THIS CONTINUED
INSUBORDINATION WILL
NOT BE TOLERATED. ANY
FURTHER UNAUTHORIZED
ACTION WILL BE
CONSIDERED THE ACT OF
A **RENEGADE** AND DEALT
WITH ACCORDINGLY!

ZZAP

"YOU DECEIVED US!"

"LIED TO US!"

FORGET **PRIME**. HE MAY
NOT LIKE THE WAY WE DO
THINGS, BUT HE KNOWS WE
GET **RESULTS**. THE WAY IT
WORKS IS, HE SAYS ONE
THING—OFFICIALLY—AND WE
DO THE OTHER.
UNOFFICIALLY. TRUST ME...

...THERE'LL BE
NO FALLOUT.

"LED US INTO THE
MAELSTROM..."

GEH-HN. HOLD
HIM! IT'S
PAYBACK TIME,
SHOCKWAVE!

DOCTOR WESTON—
SOMETHING'S WRONG!
ENCEPHALOGRAPHIC
READINGS JUST WENT
THROUGH THE *ROOF*!

"... AND KILLED US!"

CUT POWER TO
THE KINOSTATIC
EMITTERS—NOW!

BEFORE—



FNRRRAAGH!

KRATANK

CRYO-SQUAD—
MOVE IN!

THE REST OF
YOU—TARGET THE
HOSTILE, BUT AWAIT
EXECUTIVE CLEARANCE!
DO NOT, I REPEAT, DO
NOT OPEN FIRE!

THKLANG



STATUS,
DAMMIT!

WESTON-T.L-1
IS MOBILE. HOW
IS THAT
POSSIBLE?



I DON'T KNOW!
NOTHING'S WORKING.
ALL THE CEREBRO-CHECKS
AND AUTO-PROMPT FILTERS
JUST... BURNED OUT
EN MASSE. I CAN'T
ESTABLISH CONTROL.

...
ALL
TACTICAL
UNITS...



"...FIRE AT WILL!"

GO! TAKE HIM
DOWN HARD!

THWOM



GRRR... ..ROOONK!



SHANK-SHLANK



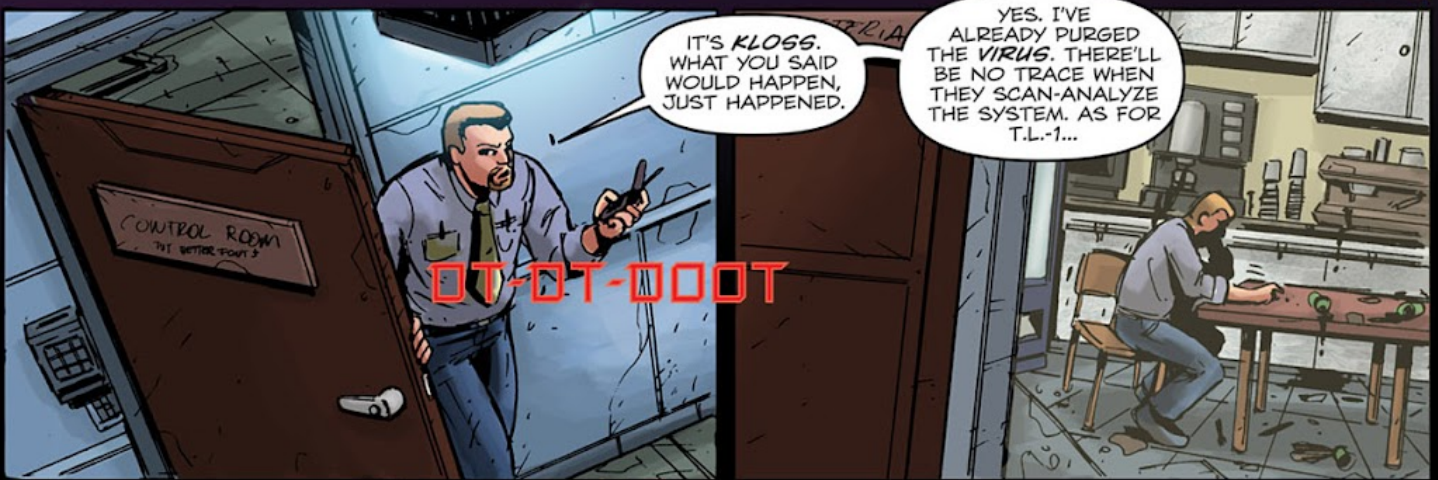
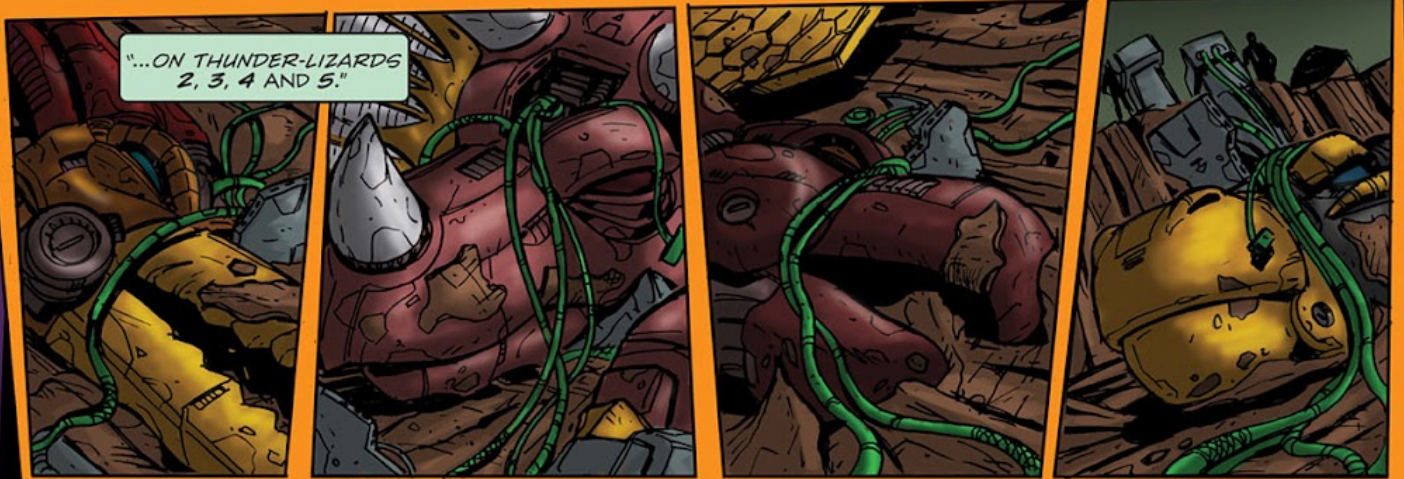
SKRASHK



OH GOD... HE'S OUT! WHAT DO WE DO?

WE DON'T PANIC. SANITIZE THE FACILITY, STRIP OUT ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING. THEN FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG...

...AND HOW TO FIX IT.





WHERE AM I?

WHEN AM I?



AND WHAT ARE
THESE THINGS?



LAST I *REMEMBER*, WE
WERE FIGHTING SHOCKWAVE.



THE BLAST... STRIPPED
AWAY OUR PROTECTION
AGAINST THE ULTRA-HIGH
LEVELS OF ENERCON. WE...

...WENT INTO
PROTECTIVE STASIS.

HH-HOW
LONG? AND...

...WHERE ARE
DD-DYNOBOTS?



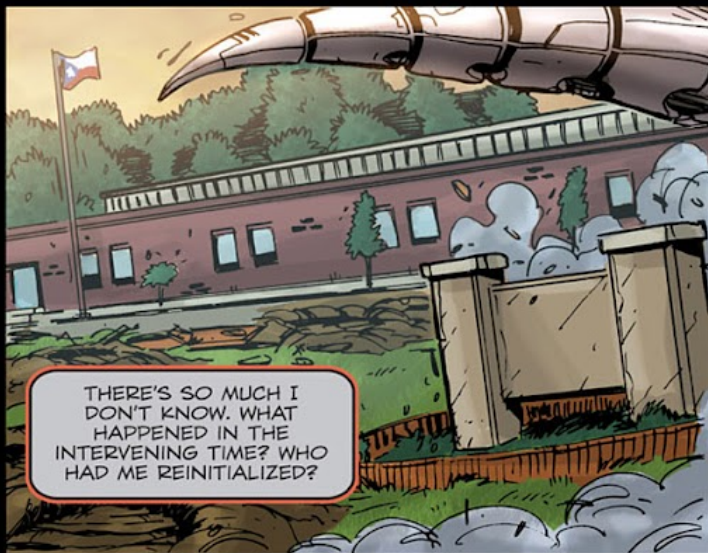


VOCAL PROCESSOR...DAMAGED?

SOMETHING TELLS ME MY APPEARANCE HAS STIRRED UP THE LOCALS. ORDINARILY, I'D STAY AND FIGHT, WORK THE KINKS OUT OF MY SYSTEM THAT WAY.



BUT NOW'S NOT THE TIME.



THERE'S SO MUCH I DON'T KNOW. WHAT HAPPENED IN THE INTERVENING TIME? WHO HAD ME REINITIALIZED?



MY INTERNAL CHRONOMETER...

...IS A CONTRADICTIONARY MESS. SENSOR RANGE IS SEVERELY LIMITED.

ALL I HAVE-MY ONLY LIFELINE-IS A RECALL CHIP DESIGNED TO WHISK ME BACK TO THE SKYFIRE.

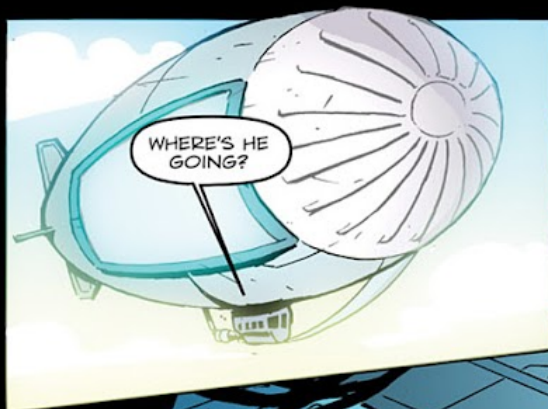


CHANCES ARE, THOUGH, ITS ORBIT DECAYED LONG AGO, AND I'LL MATERIALISE WITHIN A TWISTED, BURIED RUIN.



THEN, IT HITS ME. I'M ALONE.

UTTERLY ALONE.





I NEED A *PLAN*.

NOT EXACTLY
MY STRENGTH.

I TEND TO SIMPLY GO
AT THINGS, REMOVING
OBSTACLES RATHER THAN
GOING AROUND THEM.

BUT THIS IS A WHOLE
NEW SCENARIO.

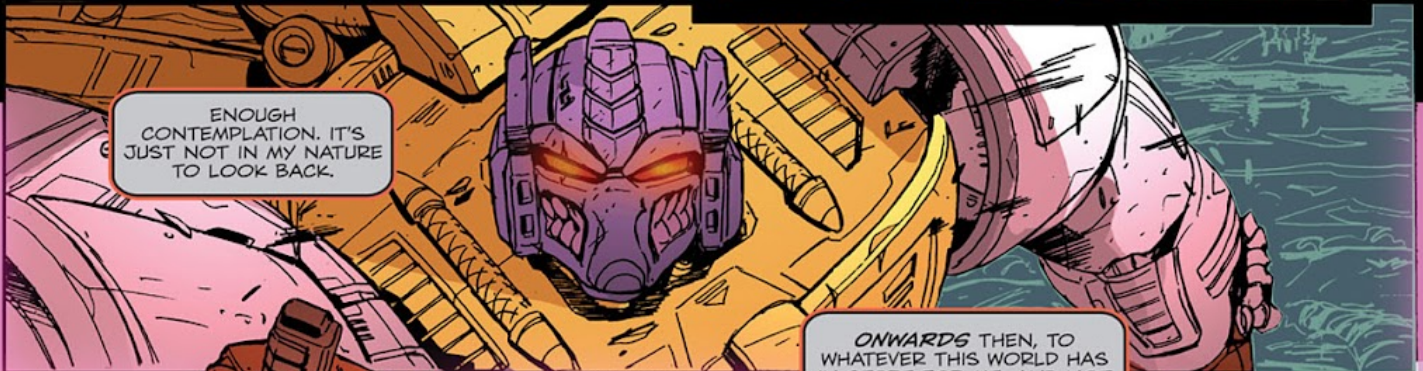


NO BACK-UP, NO INTEL,
NO REAL IDEA EVEN OF
WHO OR WHAT I'M
UP AGAINST.



DID ANYONE COME
LOOKING FOR US? OR
WERE WE JUST COUNTED AS
CASUALTIES OF WAR, OUR
NAMES INSCRIBED ON SOME
EBONITE MEMORIAL AND NOW
JUST FADED, DISTANT
MEMORIES. *CYBERTRON*...

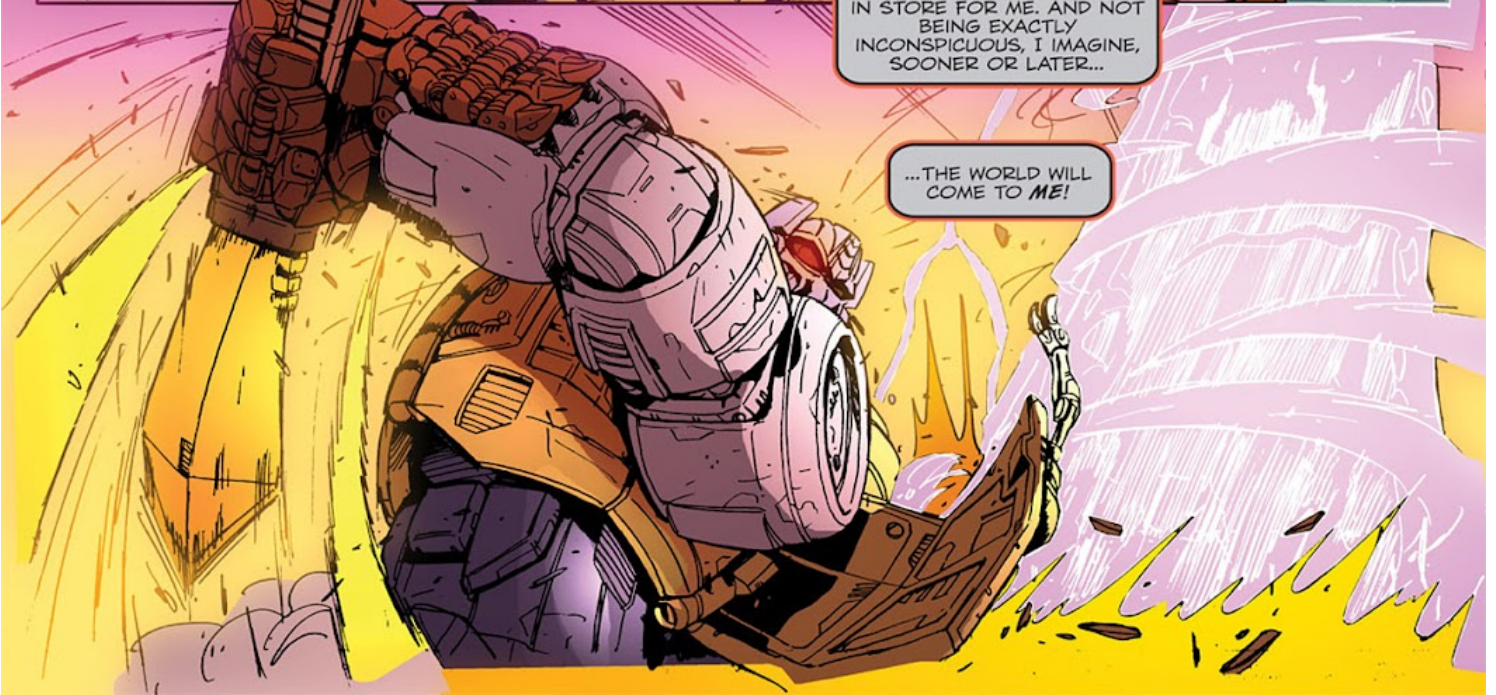
...SEEMS A *VERY* LONG
WAY AWAY.



ENOUGH
CONTEMPLATION. IT'S
JUST NOT IN MY NATURE
TO LOOK BACK.

ONWARDS THEN, TO
WHATEVER THIS WORLD HAS
IN STORE FOR ME. AND NOT
BEING EXACTLY
INCONSPICUOUS, I IMAGINE,
SOONER OR LATER...

...THE WORLD WILL
COME TO *ME*!





YOU. SCORPONOK!

INDEED, THOUGH PERHAPS NOT QUITE AS YOU REMEMBER ME. BUT... TIME ENOUGH FOR THAT LATER.

I COME WITH AN *OFFER* YOU CAN'T REFUSE.



TRY ME.

HA. DIRECT AND TO THE POINT- I ADMIRE THAT, GRIMLOCK,

WE'RE QUITE ALIKE, YOU AND I. WE *BOTH* OPERATE ON THE FRINGES, NEITHER BOWING TO CONVENTION OR PROTOCOL. TO US, ALLEGIANCE IS A CONVENIENCE, NOT AN OBLIGATION. WHICH IS WHY...



...I PROPOSE AN *ALLIANCE*: YOU AND I-AGAINST THE WORLD!



YOU CAN'T... BE SERIOUS.



OH BUT I AM.
CONSIDER YOUR
CURRENT
POSITION...

...YOU'RE A *ROGUE*, DID
YOU KNOW THAT? YOU'RE
DATAFILE B-345-101 ON
ULTRA MAGNUS' HIT LIST OF
WANTED CYBERTRONIANS.
THERE'S NO WAY BACK.

YOUR DYNOBOTS ARE
LONG GONE, DEAD AND
BURIED, AND YOU'RE
STUCK HERE ON AN
ALIEN WORLD WITH THE
DECEPTICONS POISED TO
IGNITE ARMAGEDDON.



EH. AND YOU?
WHAT'S YOUR
POSITION?

SUFFICE IT TO SAY,
I AM BUILDING MY OWN
NEW ORDER HERE ON
EARTH, AND THE TIME IS
NOT YET RIPE TO UNVEIL
ITS SCALE OR INTENT.



I NEED YOU TO RUN
INTERFERENCE, DELAY
MEGATRON'S PLANS
LONG ENOUGH... FOR
THE *MACHINATION*
EMPIRE TO RISE!



NO WAY BACK.

IS HE RIGHT?



ARE YOU THAT
STUBBORN, THAT
MIRE IN OUTMODDED
NOTIONS OF LOYALTY,
THAT YOU'RE WILLING
TO ISOLATE YOURSELF
SO TOTALLY
AND UTTERLY?

WHY DO YOU
EVEN HESITATE?

ACTUALLY...



...IT'S THAT TIME
BACK ON CYBERTRON
YOU STOLE A
CONSIGNMENT OF
SOLAR AGITATORS
FROM A FACILITY *WE*
WERE GUARDING.

WHAT?
THAT-THAT
WAS NOTHING.

TRUE.



BUT IT'LL DO!

KLUNG

KEH!

I GOT TO THINKING... WHAT IF I RETURNED TO CYBERTRON WITH THAT WELL-KNOWN THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT, SCORPONOK, TAGGED AND BAGGED AND READY FOR SPARK-ISOLATION?

THEY'D MOST LIKELY TEAR UP THEIR WARRANTS AND GIVE ME A HERO'S WELCOME!

THE BUSINESS WITH THE SOLAR AGITATORS, WELL...

...THAT'S JUST A LITTLE *EXTRA* MOTIVATION!

VZAPT



I OFFER YOU A
WORLD-OR AT LEAST
A SHARE OF IT-AND
YOU THROW IT *BACK*
IN MY FACE?


YOU'RE LIKE THE
BEAST WHOSE FORM
YOU MIMIC, TOO BIG
AND TOO STUPID TO
EVER CHANGE!

EVEN IF IT
MEANS
EXTINCTION!



HNH.

FWOW

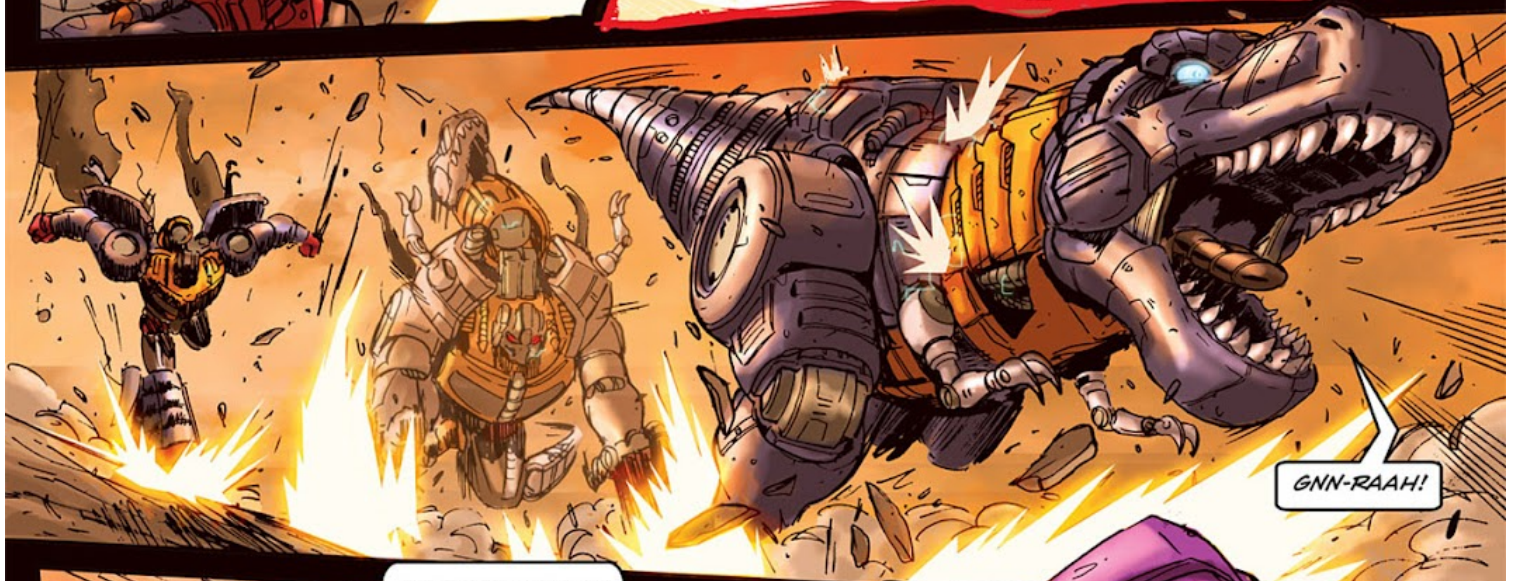
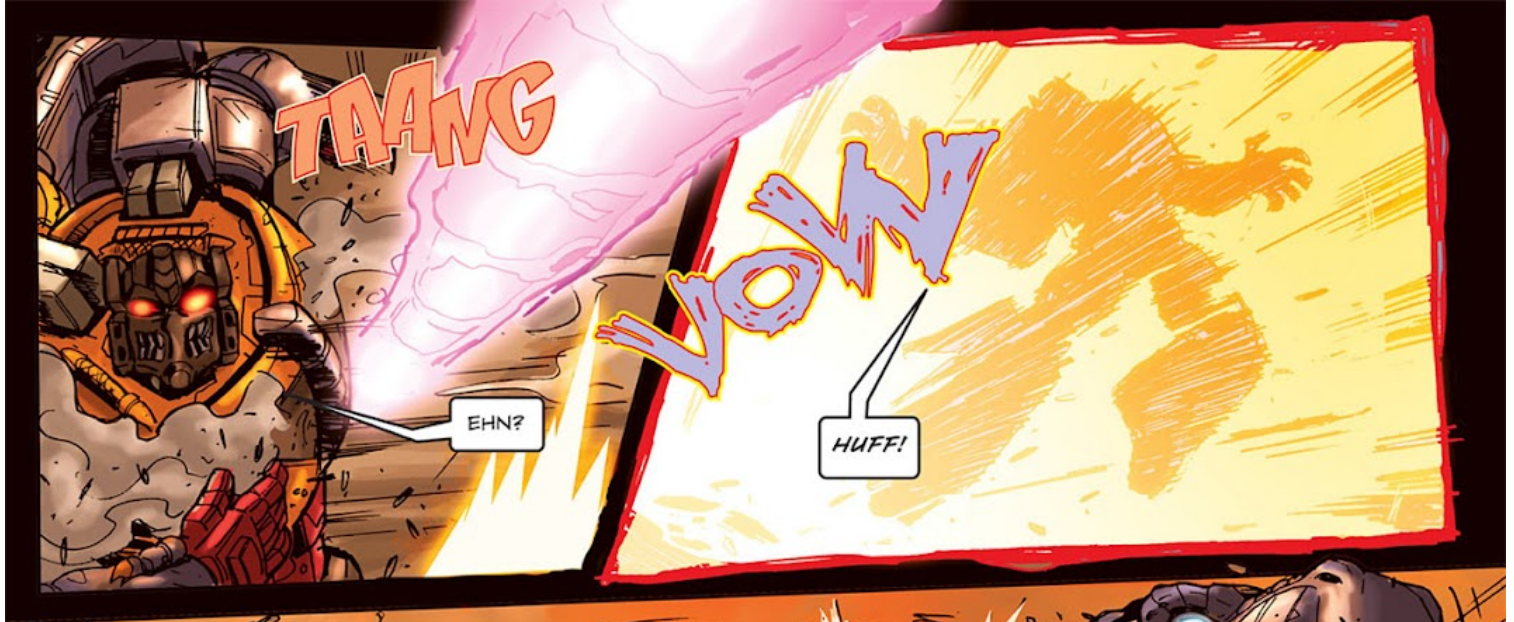


YOU ARE A WARRIOR OF
GREAT INTENSITY AND
RESOLVE, GRIMLOCK, BUT
AS A *STRATEGIST* YOU
ARE SADLY DEFICIENT.
STILL, AS A WARRIOR...



...I GRANT YOU
A WARRIOR'S
DEATH!

ZZK





...HAVE BEEN RENDERED
TOOTHLESS.



YOU NEVER STOOD
A CHANCE. FAST AS
YOU ARE, IT'S
NOTHING COMPARED
TO MY **UPGRADED**
PROCESSOR SPEED.
TO ME...

...YOU'RE
MOVING IN
SLOW MOTION.

ONE OF THE
MANY
BENEFITS OF
TWO MINDS!

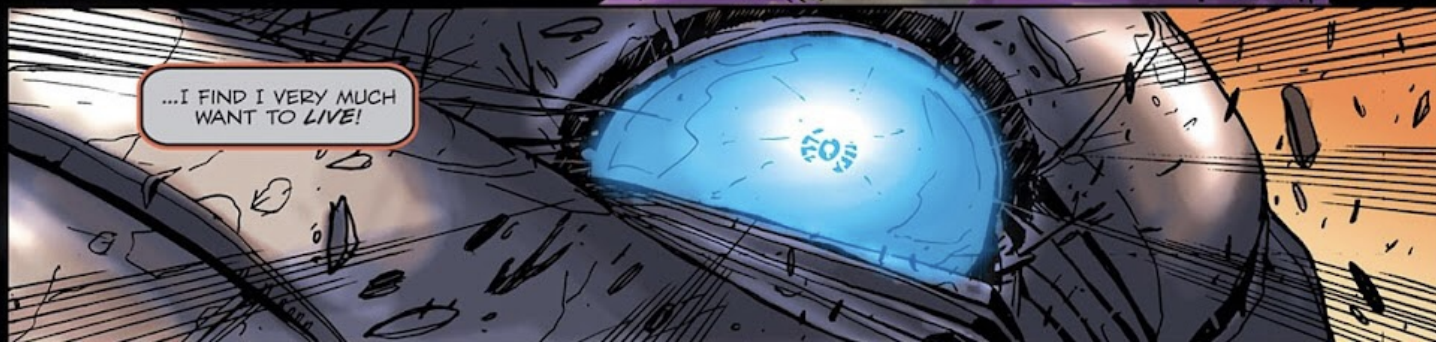


DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S
TALKING ABOUT.

DON'T CARE.



BUT HE'S RIGHT. I **HAVE**
BITTEN OFF MORE THAN I
CAN CHEW. AND SUDDENLY,
WITH **THE BIG SHUTDOWN**
STARING ME IN THE FACE...



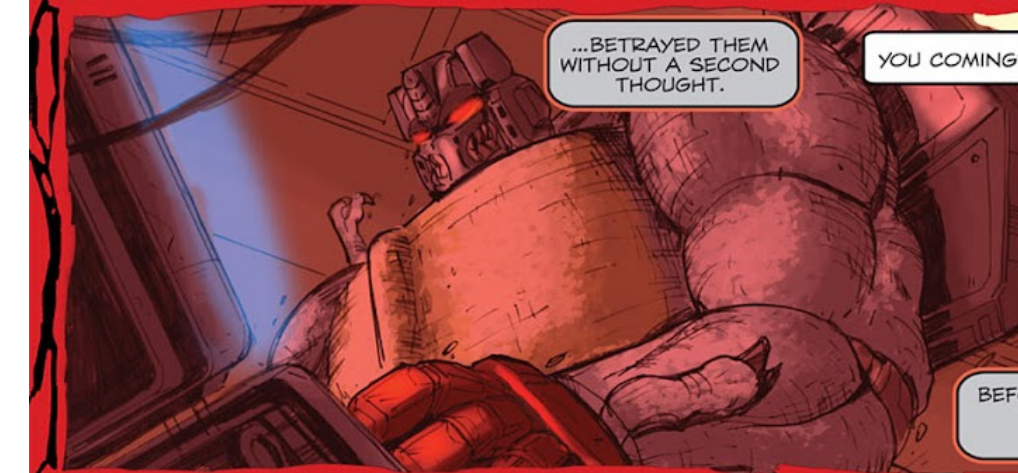
...I FIND I VERY MUCH
WANT TO **LIVE!**



MY DYNOBOTS.

FIERCE, LOYAL,
UNWAVERING IN THEIR
COMMITMENT TO
WHATEVER COURSE OF
ACTION I INITIATED.

AND I...




...BETRAYED THEM
WITHOUT A SECOND
THOUGHT.


YOU COMING?

WE'RE SET FOR
THE DROP.


BEFORE GOING DOWN
TO INTERCEPT
SHOCKWAVE...



...I LAID IN A BACK-UP
PLAN. IF WE FAILED, IF THE
BATTLE WENT AGAINST US...



...THERE WOULD BE
NO SURVIVORS!



VICTORY, OF A SORT...

...BUT AT WHAT PRICE?



I *HAVE* TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS, AND, IF POSSIBLE, MAKE MY PEACE. I TAKE NOTHING SCORPONOK SAYS AT FACE VALUE. IF I SURVIVED...



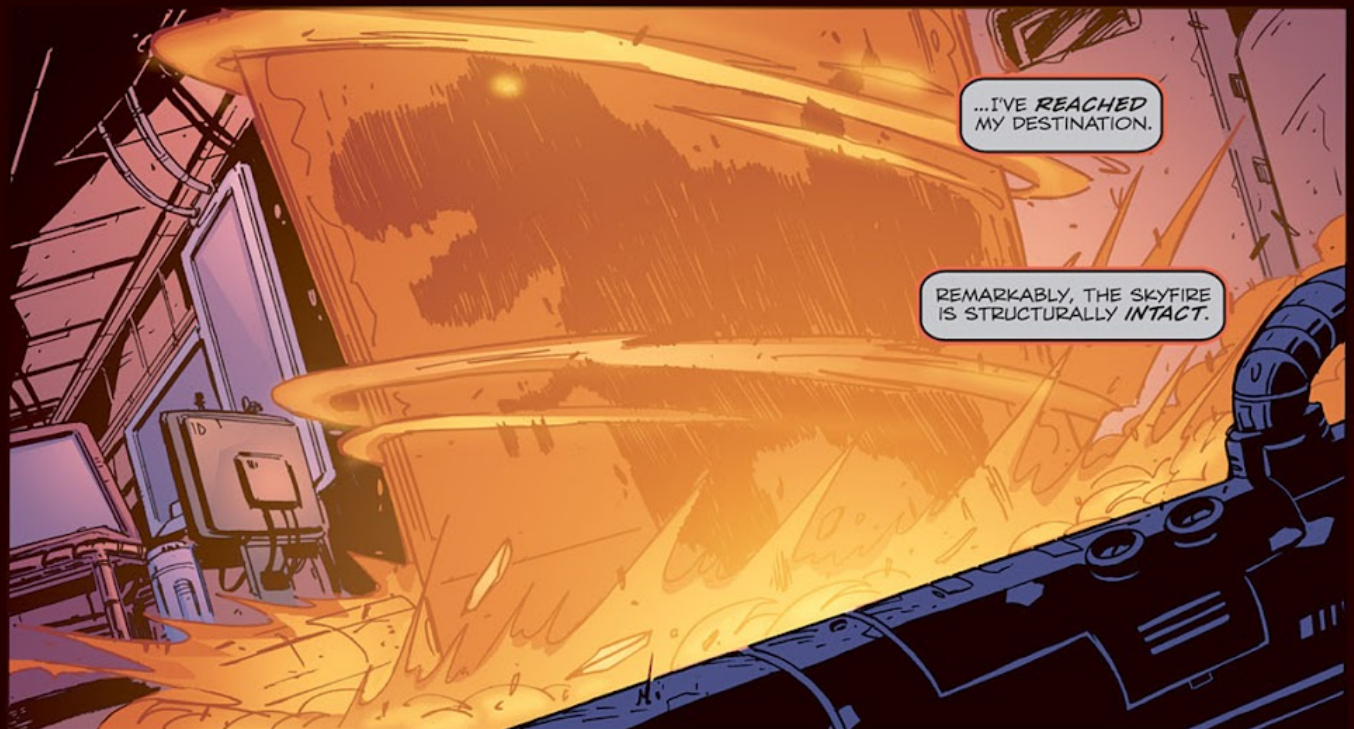
...THEY COULD HAVE *TOO*. SO, THOUGH IT RUNS CONTRARY TO EVERY PRIMAL INSTINCT, I INITIATE THE RECALL CHIP...



...AND *WITHDRAW* FROM THE FIELD OF COMBAT.



I WONDER IF I'M GOING TO END UP JUST AS DEAD, BUT IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES THE THOUGHT TO FORM...



...I'VE *REACHED* MY DESTINATION.

REMARKABLY, THE SKYFIRE IS STRUCTURALLY *INTACT*.



WHAT SENSORS I DO HAVE TELL ME I'M BURIED IN ICE AND THE SURFACE IS *NOT* WITHIN DETECTION RANGE.

BUT I'M *ALIVE*.

AND I *KNOW* WHAT HAS TO BE DONE.



FIND THE DYNOBOTS, ALIVE OR DEAD.

FIND SCORPONOK...



...AND BRING HIS SO-CALLED MACHINATION EMPIRE CRASHING DOWN AROUND HIM!



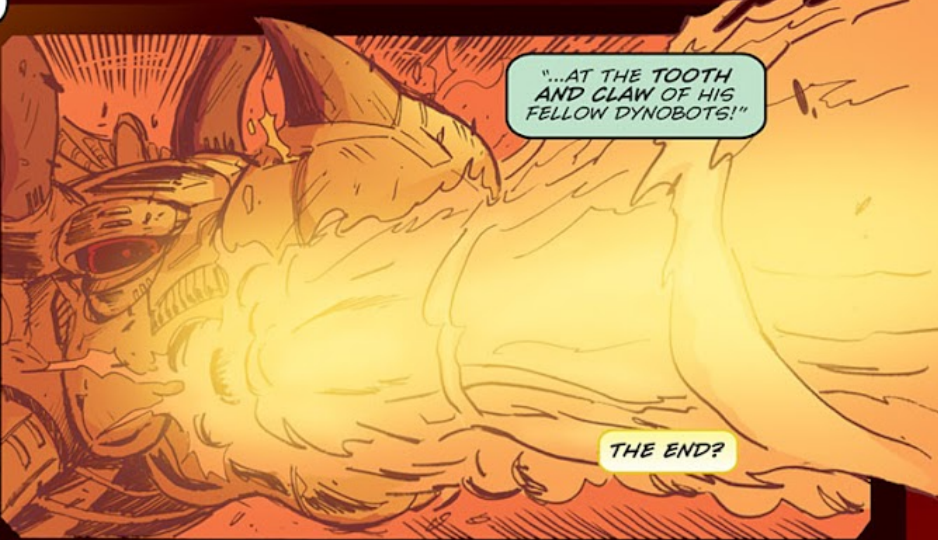
DETROIT

YOUR MOLE IN SKYWATCH TELLS ME THEY'RE IN THE PROCESS OF MOVING THE MECHS DESIGNATED THUNDER-LIZARDS-2, 3, 4, AND 5 TO A FORWARD OPERATIONAL FACILITY.

GOOD. SUPPLY KLOSS WITH THE NECESSARY SOFTWARE. LET THEM THINK *SWOOP*, *SLAG*, *SNARL* AND *SLUDGE* ARE THEIRS TO COMMAND, WHEN IN FACT...

...*WE* SHALL BE PULLING THE STRINGS.

AH, THE IRONY. GRIMLOCK SHALL PERISH...



"...AT THE TOOTH AND CLAW OF HIS FELLOW DYNOBOTS!"

THE END?